

1881  
Copy "B"

Born October 8, 1881, Arne Hagen is perhaps the oldest living man in the Cooperstown area who claims Griggs county as his birthplace. Arne's parents, Thor and Ingeborg Hagen, came to this country from Norway in 1880 and to Griggs county in the summer of 1881. Their first home was a sod hut but later they enjoyed the comparative elegance of a log cabin. This pioneer home was located in Sverdrup township. Eleven children, two of whom died in infancy, were born here. Besides Arne, two are still living.

Mrs. Arne Hagen died March 31, 1957. Surviving besides her husband are the four daughters, Ingeborg Clauson, Norma Frisvold, Duna Frigard and Arlene Colden.

Copy "C"

Martin Opheim, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Omund Nelson Opheim, has been a resident of this area ever since 1879



1882

1957

# DIAMOND JUBILEE

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD

Cooperstown, North Dakota

## COMMITTEE

C. P. DAHL, CHAIRMAN  
CLARENCE ARNESON  
HAROLD BURK  
OSCAR TANG  
CARROL TORGERSO  
ROY SOLBERG, SEC.-TREAS.

J U N E 2 7 - 2 8



Til Far og Mor paa 50--Aarsdagen  
by  
Belle Hagen Winslow

Den stemningsfulde dag erher,  
Og samlet om far og mor  
Med tak i hjertet fra fjern og naer  
For den glaede vi nyter saa stor.  
I det de saa lange faar vandre med os  
Mens aarene kommer og gaar,  
Det er vel bedre end jordisk gods;  
Den glaede var stor som faa.

Tankene vandrer til baake i tid,  
Mens vi smaa barn i log-huset sat,  
Og mor stred med flokken saa kjaerlig og blid  
Og vi var saa glaede, liten og stor,  
For klynken og klage, unvenlige ord.  
Det laerte vi aldrig fra far eller mor.

Aarene gik, paa vidden vi for.  
Vi laerte nok noget uv hvert,  
Men i livet vi fik en rettesnor  
I det vi av mor hadde laert.  
Var veien stenet og byrden svaer,  
Et fastere tak vi tok,  
For lathet og modlyshet var ikke der;  
Var uldrig skrevet i faders bok.

Fra tid til anden der kommer en gang  
Naar glade vi flokker hjem  
Vi møtes i glaede, jubel og sang,  
Men taarene vil nok frem  
For tiden at spredes, saa sikkert den slaar,  
Og de kjaere som blir tilbake her,  
Skal vi finde dem friske, finde dem--nei--  
Tanken stanser der.

Halvhundrede aar har de staat de to,  
Tilsammen og delt enhver glaede og sorg.  
Og over det hele den gyldne traad  
Som er tvundet av kjaerlighed, godnet og mod.  
Har holdt tilsammen i glaede og graat;  
Og blankere blev den i aarenes løp,  
Den skinner og gullet idag.

Og nu har de naadd fjeldets top,  
Men det maa nok lakkes ned.  
Maa nedveien gaa, det er vor haab,  
I stille gaede og fred.  
Os Gud har git en gave stor  
I hver en dag de faar vandre her.  
Og vi takker Gud for far og mor  
Os alle saa inderlig kjaer.  
Sent eller tidlig der kommer nok bud  
Til dem fraal strid og kav,  
Men Denne dag saa takker vi Gud  
For det Bedste som livet gav.



Halling, Luther Martin  
Ord. 1896 - Free church, 1896 -

Born in Christiania, Dakota Co., Minn.,  
Dec. 25, 1866 - Son of Ole Olsen H. and  
Christi (born Larsen) Attended Augsburg  
Sem. '87-'91; St Ansgar Sem. '91-'93, Augsburg  
Sem '93-'96 (C.T.) Pastor Valley City N.D. '96-'12;  
Bisford N.D. 1912 - Married Anna Mathie Monsen <sup>1896</sup>

Translated from Norse by M. P.  
from  
Norse Luth Prest i Amer. 1912, p 321



## Halvor S. Halvorson

Halvor S. Halvorson, an extensive implement dealer, hardware & feed of McHenry, N.D., was born on a farm in Trempealeau Co. Wis., Oct 24, 1875. His father, a farmer, came from Norway about 1866 with his family and took land in Wisconsin. He died in Dakota in 1883.

In 1881 went with parents to Griggs Co where his father took land. He built a small claim shanty and a sod barn and began farming with oxen.

Bibl. Condensed from, Compend of Hist & Bioq, 1900, page 772



Biography of Loyde Hamersmith  
--Grace Peterson

Loyde S. Hamersmith was born south of Loledo, Greenfield County, 1879. His parents names were Joseph Hamersmith and Alivida Hamersmith, who lived some distance south of Loledo, where they were born. They drove in a buggy for a distance of eighty-one miles and settled in a pioneer timber country.

His parents bought a farm of eighty acres. During the clearing of this land his father was struck by a falling tree and was killed. Following the father's death the family came to North Dakota territory because the land was very rich and it was a good wheat producing country. At the time of this migration in 1885, Loyde was seven years old. He located in township 111 and range 67 west. The first home was made of sod, which was called a dobe house.

The trips to town were made by a team of oxen or a horse and an ox. Some went as far as thirty to thirty-five miles. Some of the nearest neighbors were Bill, Ed., and Johnie Bates, who lived in Bates township.

Some of the early machinery that was used were the rod breaking plow, a drag which consisted of one large brush, and a hand reaper. Crops raised were wheat, oats, barley, and flax. Fuel was very hard to get. The pioneers used twisted hay, buffalo chips, and flax straw which was put in a large boiler. Some one had to keep putting flax in.

It was very difficult to get water. The wells were very deep, but the water tasted like iron or soda.

On the second day of April, 1888, a prairie fire started at Miller and went one hundred miles. The wind blew very hard, animals burned to death, houses and barns burned down, one life was lost. The fire was ten miles wide. Where the grass was tall the fire would be ten rods long. It was mostly put out with burlap sacks.

In 1888, January 12, just before school started a storm reached from Montana to New York. The school house was almost blown down so eighteen children went to a farm house and stayed until morning. A man started for the barn and ran up against the dog house. He crawled in there and froze both his hands off.

He came to North Dakota in the year of 1899, drove from South Dakota with wagon and team. We took a homestead in January, 1903, near Dazey where we built a shanty. South half and Northwest  $\frac{1}{4}$  of Southwest  $\frac{1}{4}$  of Section 12, Township 143, Range 59, where I now reside.

He married Mrs. Howard Blount in 1908 at Lesden, North Dakota.



## PIONEER BIOGRAPHY

Loyde Hamersmith

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--Grace Peterson



Elijah Soule Hamilton — *Living in 1958*

By Oscar D. Purinton, Clerk and Historian of the Old Settlers Association.

Elijah Soule Hamilton, son of ~~EXX~~ C.F. Hamilton, was born at Cape Elizabeth Depot, Maine, on May 31st 1861. He came to Griggs County in the spring of 1882. He homesteaded on SE $\frac{1}{4}$  2-148-60, Willow township.

During the spring of 1882 Mr. Hamilton made three trips from Sanborn, about sixty miles, on foot, having on several occasions to take off his clothes and wade the streams in which the ice was flowing. Nearly the whole of the level part of the country was covered with water that spring. When he came through Fargo the water in the Sheyenne River was within a few feet of the railroad bridge. He saw all kinds of small building, and some small houses floating down stream or lodged against the bridge.

He built a sod house on his homestead, and hauled lumber from Sanborn to put a roof on it. He paid \$8 per day for a team to haul this lumber. He paid \$16 for thirty bushels of oats, and ten dollars to have them hauled to his claim. Having a few dollars left he paid it to a man to dig a well, and got strong salt petre water.

He farmed at Willow until 1888, then sold his personal property, and entered the employ of Lawrence Bros., a firm then doing business in Cooperstown. He went east in 1889 but returned in the fall, and entered the employ of William Glass, then in the real estate business in Cooperstown.

On Feb. 19, 1892 he was married to Miss Cora Ella Hagerty of Chatfield, Minn. That spring he returned to farming and continued in it for ten years. He came to Cooperstown in 1902, and in 1906 embarked in the business in which he is now engaged (1915), in the firm of Hammer and Condry Company, dealing in real estate, stock and machinery.

His family consists of his wife and one son, Millard. He lost a daughter six years ago at the age of fifteen years.



<sup>Logan</sup>  
E. S. Hamilton, son of C. F. Hamilton, was born at  
Cape Elizabeth Dept., Maine on May 31, 1881 and  
came to Grigg in the Spring of 1882 & settled  
in willow, homesteading SE  $\frac{1}{4}$  of Sec 2 in that  
tp. During the Spring of 1882 I made  
three trips to Saurborn, about 60 miles,  
on foot having on several occasions to  
take off my clothes & wade the streams  
which were flowing with ice. Nearly the  
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of which I am now engaged  
(1915) of Hammer Condy Co.  
dealing in farm machinery &  
stock my family consists of  
my wife & one son, Willard. We  
lost a daughter six years ago  
who would now (1915) have  
been 27 years old.

Carl Oscar Greenlund (Swede) when coming to Aug  
in 1881. Born July 18 1873 at Landerholm, Minn.  
married in 1902 to Bertha Lee and settled on  
a homestead in Wilcox later moving to Buffalo,  
with wife & six daughters lived at Buffalo, Minn.  
first met. Bertha 1902



Copy

Kimball <sup>Main</sup>  
June 23/57

Dear Friend Molley,

Dear Friends, Old Settlers and New Settlers,  
I just wanted to say that I certainly will be with you in the spirit, if not in person as I certainly (can) be classed as one Old Settler. Yes, I was there one year before there was any Cooperstown. Made it on foot, took a squatter's right claim in N.E. corner of Red Willow Township, and saw and came in conflict with them (hardships) One near Balled Creek where John Mills lost all his buildings except his house, with 70 feet of plowed fireguard. I also took in many of those M.D. Blizzards. Mr. Neighbor (H.B. Sotter) made a practice, after hauling off our own little wheat crop (36 miles from Cooper to our place) to go out one day, get a load from some of our many neighbors that had no team, the next day take it to Cooperstown, leave at 4-A.M., get back at about 9 or 10 P.M., and we got the enormous scale of 6 cents per bushel (glad to do it)

I with big team of mules hauled 60 and he 50. Once a blizzard caught us out about 10 miles we were obliged to go back, made the trip two days later. You can not probably realize what it was like.

Then again seven of us were string along together. When we got to the turn on the Detwiler Hill, the 5 behind went by, said we were going to slow and Mr. S. and I were the only ones that got home that night about 1 A.M. One man drove his horses around and around his sled all night. One dug into a haystack, but they all suffered more or less from the cold.



Hamilton letter - continued.

My good neighbor's wife had a light in the window (that) we could (see), And an oven full of baked beans.

But I put in 42 years of as happy married life as I am sure it was possible to enjoy.

So, the many pleasant times I have to think about now, I just forget the hardships and losses, and praise the Lord every (day) for the blessings I do enjoy, and I still have a very warm place in my heart for N.D.

So sorry I could not be with you.

Am still able to care for myself, with a strict dietetic chart and much vitamins

Very Sincerely

That real old settler

E. S. Hamilton

Dear friend Mollie

I certainly enjoyed bringing your mother a gallon of milk every day, and how is your sister. Now, since Mr. Dyson has left Cooper I seldom hear from Cooperstown,  
The old friend  
E. S. H.



## FIRST GOLDEN WEDDING IN ORIGGS COUNTY

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Hagen was the first couple in Origgs County to celebrate a golden wedding anniversary. Guests from miles around gathered on the Thor Hagen homestead in June 1907 for the festivities.

The guests walked or traveled by oxen to this wedding and brought with them contributions to the dinner.

The logs used to build this log cabin were taken from Ole Skren's timber land south of the Plute bridge, with the help of Arund Gilbertson.

The cabin was made sixteen feet square, an addition having been made later. Photographer Rosten of Cooperstown took a picture of the cabin and the anniversary party. The farm on which the cabin stood is now known as the Jens Lunde farm.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hagen, the guests of honor, made their home with their nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Thor Hagen at that time having come to this country only a few years before.

Anton Hagen emigrated to America from Valdres, Norway, in 1888 while Mrs. Hagen, accompanied by her grandson, Thor Hestager, came three years later.

The Golden Wedding guests in 1907 were Ole E. Hagen, Laura Hagen, Ole Hagen, Arne Hagen, Anne Hagen Hoddle, Belle Hagen Winslow, Caroline Hagen, Sarah Hagen Hestager, Chris Hagen, Mr. and Mrs. Thor Hagen, Ole Halvorsen, Anton Halvorsen, Mr. and Mrs. Ole Skren, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Guren, <sup>Mr. & Mrs. Guren</sup> Ole Sanden, Jennie Hagen Snyder, Lisa Halvorsen, Mrs. Petre Halvorsen, Caroline Halvorsen, Sava Halvorsen, Mrs. Gunhild Thompson, Thos Upton Smith, Mrs. Anne Halvorsen, Mrs. Charles Nichols, Henry Cullickson, Arne Thompson, John Fosholt, Ole Fosholt, Henry Hagen, Mrs. Dick Blow, Grand Gilbertson, Arne Luckeson, Harold Guren, George Guren, Anton Olson, Thor Hestager, Mrs. George Olson, John Rustad and seven others whose names are forgotten.

After remaining in Origgs County for many years, Mr. and Mrs. Anton Hagen moved to Rosseau County, northeast of Crookston, Minnesota, where they celebrated their diamond wedding. They both died at that place at the age of 93 years.

Bibliography: Mr. and Mrs. Ole Skren, Ulen, Minn.  
Origgs County Sentinel-Courier (July 7, 1932).



Mrs. Porterville

# FIRST GOLDIEN WEDDING in GRIGGS COUNTY

June 1887

Mr. and Mrs, Esten Haugen was the first couple in Griggs County to celebrate their golden anniversary.

Esten Haugen emigrated to America from Valdres, Norway, in 1882, and Mrs. Esten Haugen, accompanied by her grandson, Thor Hetager, came three years later.

The guests walked or traveled by oxen, bringing with them contributions to the dinner. The wedding feast was held at the Thor Hagen homestead in June 1887. The logs used to build the Thor Hagen cabin were taken from Ole Skren's timber land south of the Fluto bridge, with the help of Amund Gilbertson. The cabin was 16 feet square, an addition having been made later. Photographer Rosten of Cooperstown took a picture of the cabin and the wedding party.

Mr. and Mrs. Esten Haugen, the guests of honor, made their home at their nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Thor Hagen, at that time, having come to America a few years before.

The Golden Wedding guests in 1887 were Ole K. Hagen, Laura Hagen, Ole Hagen, Arno Hagen, Anna Hagen (Moodie), Ole Halvorson, Caroline Hagen, Sarah Hagen (Hammel), Mr. and Mrs. Ole Skren, Caroline Halvorson, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Ouren, Jennie Hagen (Snyder), Thea Hagen (Upton, Smith), Liza Halvorson, Mrs. Anne Halvorson, John Fosholdt, Ole Fosholdt, Henry Haugen, Henry Gullickson, Dick Blow, Amund Gilbertson, Arne Luckason, Mrs. George Olson, Mr. and Mrs. Ole Sanden, John Nustad, Mrs. Petwa Halvorson, Mrs. Charles Nichols, Mrs. Gunhild Thompson, Thor Hetager, Harold Ouren, George Ouren, Seva Halvorson, Chris Hagen, Esten Olson, Arne Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Thor Hagen and Mrs. Belle Hagen (Winslow).



There were seven other wedding guests but their names are forgotten.

After remaining in Griggs County for many years, Mr. and Mrs. Esten Haugen moved to Rosseau County, Minnesota, where they celebrated their diamond wedding. They both died in Minnesota at the age of 95 years.

Bibliography: Griggs County Sentinel-Courier, July 7, 1932.  
Cooperstown, N. Dakota

Mr. and Mrs. Ole Skren  
Ulen, Minn.



## A STORY OF THE PRAIRIES IN GRIGGS COUNTY

Mr. and Mrs. Thor Hagen came from Norway in 1880 ; stayed in Iowa during the winter and in the spring ,they settled on a homestead on Sec.18 in what is now Sverdrup Tp. in Griggs County.

Mary, the twelve year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thor Hagen ,was sent one winter's day to the nearest neighbor to borrow some kerosene. It was a bright ,sunshiny day with the snow drifting about over the far reaching prairie. Mary was returning from O. Bolkan's with the kerosene ,when she noticed she was not going over familiar places. She had taken the wrong path. The snow had been blowing and drifting and it had begun to storm. The sun was going down. Through the stillness of the evening came the wailing and the howling of the wolves. As the frightened girl was stumbling along, she came to the home of Frank Frost, where she remained for the night.

In the meantime, when Mary did not return at the appointed time, her father (Thor Hagen) started out to look for her. He soon returned and wrapping the baby, <sup>Annie</sup> aged five, in many coats; strapped her on his back, and started again on his search which continued all night ,over the lonely prairie, in the storm.

In the morning Frank Frost and Mary, on their way to Mary's home met Mr. Hagen and Annie near the Shesenne bluffs. When Mr. Hagen saw them ,he broke down and wept as a child.

Mary Hagen was later Mrs. E.C. Butler, Cooperstown, N.D.

Mary (Mrs. E.C. Butler) died in May 1920.

Found this in Co. Supt. Office

Nº. good



Biography of C. H. Hamilton

--Lavon and Alfred Hunsberger

*father of E. S. Hamilton*

The name of the pioneer is C. H. Hamilton whose parents were sailors and fishermen out of Halifax, Nova Scotia; Father went abroad at the age of nine years and became captain or master of the ship at the age of 17. My mother's name was Elizabeth Ann Down whose parents were lumbermen on the Penobscot River cutting the logs, manufacturing the lumber, taking it to the ocean by rafting it together and running it by ship to Bangor, Maine for sale. There is at the present time a house (I think near Enfield, Maine) which I believe is about 120 years old, made from the hemlock lumber and brick they burned from the clay and plaster they made from the limestone.

My father lost his parents when he was a baby. He was raised by his grandparents until he became nine years of age when he took to ship-board.

My mother's parents came to Minnesota in '58 taking a homestead 75 miles northwest of St. Anthony (now Minneapolis) where they spent the remainder of their days,--grandfather living to be a hundred or more.

My father and mother were married in the state of Maine where they lived for eight or nine years. Then they emigrated to Minnesota and settled near my grandfather where they spent the remainder of their days, both living to ripe old ages.

E. S. Hamilton .

Cape Elizabeth Depot near Portland, Maine.

May 31, 1861, State of Maine, U. S. A. At the age of two years I was taken to what is now St. Cloud, Minnesota by my parents where I was raised until of the age of twenty-one.

I came to North Dakota as I was of age and starting out for myself.

While working in the logging woods in Northern Minnesota, I was told of opportunities of getting free land in North Dakota.

- I came from the woods straight to Sanborn, North Dakota. In crossing the Red River at Fargo, I saw large buildings with only the top or roof out of the water and many smaller buildings floating down the river or lodged against the bridge and we had a man to walk ahead of the train with hip boots to see if the track was in place for 6 miles in the vicinity of Casselton.

We landed in Sanborn March 28, 1882 where we had fine weather and people hauled their goods as far as Bald Hill Creek where they left them on the bank because the creek was too deep to ford and later coming to find the water had raised and floated their goods away. Another man hauled his goods which were many and piled them on the prairie with a big tent spread over them, went and staked his claim and on his return found nothing but a pile of ashes caused by the prairie fires. I drove for a living the first year out of Sanborn locating settlers. John Fero, Chas. Mosley, John Byington, Don Knappa and many others.



E. S.

Biography of (C. H.) Hamilton  
--Lavon and Alfred Hunsberger

I carried robes and when night came I would picket one horse and crawl under the buggy until morning, eating lunch which I carried. Antelope and deer were very thick at that time. I can remember seeing a herd of 16 antelope one morning near where the town of Dazey stands. The spring of 1882 was very cold and stormy. We had a very bad blizzard for three days, beginning the 2nd of May and another the 22nd of May.

About the 20th of June, 1882, thirteen of us started out with lumber and provisions to find some land or claims as we called them then. I believe there were eight teams. We got out to the 20-Mile Camp the first day. The next day we got to Lake Jessie where we found a little shanty with a tight roof and we were glad for it was raining and we all got inside to sleep, 2 on a little bunk in the corner and 11 of us side by each on the floor,--and we covered it completely. When we wanted to turn over, one had to stand while the others turned and then lie down again on the other side. The next day was clear, however, and we got to what was called the big slough about 6 miles northwest of Jessie, later called Muru Slough and there seemed to be no place to cross. We had been stuck many times and we got so that when we came to a slough (and there were many, it was so wet) we would drive in as far as possible with one team then put on another and if they could not pull it, put on another and so on until we got across; and so on each load until we were all across. But this slough was one of those with no bottom and it took us most of the next day to get all loads across, but we did then strike camp for dinner. We started out and struck our location on Section 2-12-11-14-16-148-60 or Willow Township. We struck there about 4 o'clock and had a house up with roof on to sleep in that night, making four days from Sanborn.

The next was plowing the sod and cutting it up in 2-foot lengths and putting up my shanty. I had lumber to cover the roof, and a bunk that covered most of the floor, and a tin camp stove. I would build my fire in the morning without getting out of my bed. I could serve my meals right in bed if necessary.

I went back and worked in the livery barn the rest of the summer. In the spring of 1883, I came back and made four trips from Sanborn to my claim having to remove my clothes and ford many creeks and one which I had to swim across with the snow and ice floating all about.

I started for town with neighbors. About 3 or 4 o'clock it got dark. We ran up against a slough, got lost, and we kept going and going. By and by we heard a rooster crow. It was getting light in the east and upon reconnoitering around a little, found we were on top of Mr. Torgersons house or dugout about 2 miles from where we started. Another time we were on our way from town and got lost and travelled until about midnight and camped. We crawled under the wagon, but the horses seemed to be very uneasy all night. When it got light enough to see, we found we had camped on one side of the creek and the house or shack and stable was just across on the other side.

Joe Buchheit, Chas. Johnson, Herbert Safford, Lenhard Safford, Bollis Bound, Joe McCullough, Ernest Johnson, Harry Clark, Gid Sheldon,



(e s)  
 Biography of C. H. Hamilton  
 --Lavon and Alfred Hunsberger

Mrs. Root, Mrs. Ruth, A. D. Ellis, West Flick, Paul Flick, Knut Anderson, Pete Listner, Ole Monson, Willie Anderson, Mr. H. B. Sorton, Pete Cameron, Ola Reed, Bob Withrow, Emit Willson, Richard Davis, Frank Walker, Arther Know, E. W. Hagerty were neighbors.

The machinery of my early North Dakota life was similar to that of today only not as large at that time. A plow, drag, disk, harrow, seeder, and harvester was about all that was necessary although I used two mules, one horse, and four oxen as a team on a two-bottom breaking gang plow.

Wheat and oats was about all the crops raised at that time, very little barley. The fuel for the first two years was from dead willows from Willow Lake. One man, Gilbertson, who lived on the south side of Willow Lake allowed us to cut the dry or dead willows. It took some time to get them and some time to cut them into stovewood, but it did not take long to burn them. One burned his front and froze his back while firing with it. Later I bought an acre of elm and oak on the river hauled and cut it in the winter for the next summer.

I was out in a good many storms, one of which was in returning from Cooperstown; a blizzard came up when we got out six miles. There ~~was~~ were about 8 or 10 of us, but a man by the name of H. B. Sorton and I were the only ones of the party that got home, some got into haystacks, some walked around all night but we kept on by keeping our direction by the wind and got in about 2:30 A. M., some others were frozen very badly.

The schools were held mostly in shacks around the county, where the settlers would furnish the room and seven scholars. The district was obliged to furnish the teacher.

Speaking further of blizzards, I went out with a doctor one night when there was a bad storm, and we traveled many miles and a long time but it finally cleared, and I told the doctor we must be near the place. We got out and were kicking around to keep warm and the doctor struck his foot against something which proved to be the stove-pipe of the very place we were trying to find. It was 3 o'clock in the morning and I should judge about 60 or 70 below zero, and were all standing right on top of the man's residence, which was a dugout; the team and Pung, Doctor and myself all standing on the roof which was all drifted with snow, many feet deep, but he had kept putting on pipe to keep above the snow. Suffice to say, I stayed until morning.

We had a church service and Sunday School conducted by the Rev. Will Gimblett, Deceased, who drove out from Cooperstown once each month, which the people attended very well.

Married February 18, 1892 to Miss Ella C. Hagerty, in Chatfield, Minnesota.

(11.) Previously answered.

(12.) Cooperstown, North Dakota



I was born on the 27th of May, 1855 in Stamness, Bergen, Norway. My parents names were John Johannesen Stamness and Brita Davidstdatter Fyllingslid. I was baptized in the Lutheran Faith, and on the 5th of Sept. 1870, was confirmed in the same Faith by our local Pastor Ergens. It was a large class of confirmants, thirty-six boys and girls. After confirmation I had to go out and work. The first year I worked for my oldest brother and cousin Johannes Stomness, alternating two weeks at each place. The second year I worked for Anders J. Kaastad and the third year I worked at different places.

Then together with Ole O. Kaastad, we bought timber land and started dealing in wood on our own hook, which went pretty good. I also attended school. My teacher's name was Knut Semmeness, a very good and efficient teacher. Thus my life from birth until 1882 was spent in Norway.

January 9, 1882 I was united in marriage to Monsine Hansdate Sobo in the Stamness church by Rev. Bul, the pastor of that charge. My wife was born on the 13th of November, 1849 and confirmed Oct. 2, 1864. We were four brothers and three sisters in our family and the only ones left now are: Mrs. Britha Kalvik, Hannaford, N. Dak., and I. My oldest sister died in Norway. My oldest brother, Johannes Haugen, and David Kaaland, died a number of years ago. John J. Haugen died two years ago. My sister, Mrs. Bretha Ole, was a resident for many years in McLean county, N. Dak., but passed away about four years ago. My father died when I was twelve years five months old, and my mother died in 1885, if I remember correctly.

Before going farther, I want to explain how it came about that I use the name Haugen instead of Fyllingslid. My father's place where I was born, was along the mountain side. One winter there came a lot of snow and rain from the mountains and washed away everything except the



house; so father decided to sell out and move to another place. The name of this place was Fyllehaugen and of course it was customary in Norway that anyone living on a place would adopt the name of the place and this is what we did. In order to make it a little easier to pronounce, we cut it short and left out the Fylle and called our name Haugen.

It was not just roses in our paths in Norway either. When I was still young, I had to get up three thirty in the morning and walk way up the mountains where the milch cows were grazing, to do the milking. It was a task many a time, but I managed to pull through with no ill effects. At one time my brother David Kaaland and I were out cutting hay with the Armstrong mower (better known as the scythe) in the mountains. Whereever we could find a little grass to cut we cut it, and it so happened I got too close to the edge of the cliff, lost my balance and plunged head first down the cliff. I landed on the bottom quite badly bruised but getting up to a sitting position, I called for help to my brother, who was just a short distance away. All at once I felt the blood coming down my face, and it made me feel faint. My brother decided to walk home at once. I got doctor's care and I was healed up in a short time.

We decided to leave our native land and go to America to seek what was in store for us. April 14, 1882 we sailed from Bergen, Norway and in two weeks we landed in New York. From New York we went by railroad and arrived at Ada, Minn., May 4th. A man by the name of John Satre met us at the depot with a team of horses and wagon and asked us to go along with him to Hendrum, Minn. The roads were in a very muddy condition and it was impossible for him to take all our luggage along, except for a small trunk. We had not gone very far before we got stuck in a mud-puddle. Mr. Satre got in the water up to his knees and unhooked the horses. With the aid of a long rope he managed to pull the wagon out and I took my wife on my back and carried her to safely on dry land. On



getting straightened up we again started on our journey. We drove on for some time, but night soon came on. We arrived at a small house which was occupied by a couple from Gudbrandsdalen. John Satre, our driver, talked to this man and he invited us all to stay over night in their small house. We accepted their invitation and they treated us very nice. The next morning, Sunday, John hitched up again and we started off. We arrived at his place a little before dinner. After dinner John took us across the Elm river and drove on until we reached the Red river. We could see the farmhouse on the other side where my brother John J. and his wife worked. When they saw us they came in a boat and to across the Red river. This brought us into N. Dak. in the Red river valley.

Mrs. John Haugen kept house for a widower who had two sons. John was employed on the Grandin farm a short distance from there. We stayed with Mrs. Haugen a week and rested up after our long and wearied journey. I then worked for a farmer two miles from there by the name of Mikel Herberg for one dollar a day and board. I thought this was great compared to what I had been used to getting in Norway. That spring the work was somewhat delayed as the Red river had overflowed and a great amount of water was covering the field and prairie. My wife got a job working for a farmer all summer not far from where I was, for one dollar a week and board. When the spring work was over I was out of a job and so was John J; so we decided to go westward to try locate some land.

Before starting out on our journey, we wrote to two of our neighbor boys in Norway, who were at Ada, Minn., by the name of Daniel Bukkesten (Syverson) and Ole O. Kaastad. We asked them to join us on our journey westward. They came and we all went together, not with horse and buggy, but on foot. We walked til we got to the Grandin railroad station and from there to Fargo, which at that time was just a small town. Daniel Syverson and Ole Kaastad hired out on the railroad and my brother and I drifted in to the land office to inquire about land. On our way up to the office we met three men coming out. They were Norwegians and we



talked to them. They told us they had been in and each filed on a quarter section of land southwest of Valley City, and there were still two vacant quarters left. They left their families there while they went to Fargo. They had driven a yoke of oxen to Valley City and by rail to Fargo and asked us to go back with them and take a look at the land, so we did.

Night came on and we stayed at their place over night. Our bed was the ground with a small tent over head. The next morning after breakfast we went to look over the land. One thing we liked about it was a small ravine or stream of water coming across these quarters separating one from the other. Otherwise, the land did not appeal to us. It would make a nice place to live and was about four miles to Standing Rock Post Office; but on thinking it over, we feared we would be unable to settle down and build a house inside of six months, thereby losing our homestead rights; so we gave it up and started on foot back to Valley City, a distance of twenty-eight miles. The day was quite warm and we took our shoes off and walked barefooted. We came to Valley City eight o'clock in the evening. There we heard of a friend of ours by the name of Halsten Anderson Fyllingslid living there in town. We hunted up the place and stayed there over night. Mr. Anderson told us that Einer Stromme, Johannes Stromme, Ole Stromme and himself had been about thirty-five miles north of Valley City and filed on land, and thought there would possibly be more vacant land adjoining their's. We did not go up there at that time but decided to go back to Fargo, and from there back to the place where my wife was working. On the way over there we met a man and talked to him. He mentioned he should have a barn built from logs. We told him we were not carpenters by trade, but quite handy with the axe and saw; so he gave us the job of building a log stable for him. When finished, he was well satisfied. Our salary was one dollar a day and board.



In 1900 I was back there for a visit and the barn was still standing. We then got a job haying on the Grandin farm No 3, which covered eighteen sections. We also put in the harvest there. They ran 22 binders and 28 men shocking, with no bundle carriers on the binders, each two men taking five rows of bundles as they dropped from the binder and shook it up. A boss followed up to see that all done the same amount of work. On the entire Grandin farm at that time for operating were 300 mules, 100 horses, 52 binders, 13 threshing machines, and 400 men. I then received \$1.75 per day. I also got work along with a threshing machine that went out and threshed for a few neighboring farmers. (My brother got a job plowing with five mules on the plow). The engine was pulled by four mules and the separator the same. After threshing there a couple days, it started to rain and kep up for several days. We got tired laying around there and decided to go back to Hendrum. There was considerable threshing left there to do so we got a job and kept it up until we had to shovel the snow away from the stacks.

These people we worked for were very kind to us, and we got acquainted with quite a few people around Hendrum; among them were two ministers by the names of Per Stromme, and Meggrun. The former was here in Griggs Co. not so many years, preaching at different churches around; the first Lord's Supper that I partook of in America was administered to me by Rev. Stromme. In the fall of 1882, while still at Hendrum, I heard of a vacant house out on the prairie and decided to get that rented for the winter, and so I did. My wife, John J., his wife, and two sons, Henry and Bennie, and I stayed there over the winter. It did not cost us anything for house rent. John and I got work in the woods, cutting down trees and chopping up wood that was later, during the summer, used in the steamboat instead of coal. We received one dollar per cord, and we prepared thirty-six cords during the winter. Then Einar and Ole Stromme came to visit us. They reported to



us that they had found land for themselves in Griggs Co., N. Dak. It included Einar Stromme, Johannes, Knut, and Ole Hjelled (Stromme) and Halsten Anderson Fyllingslid. They were all close together. They had worked for a man by the name of Nels Hemmingson. They said there were two quarters in Sec. 14 idle and if we wanted to try to get them we should act at once, so John and I followed Einar Stromme back to his place and stayed there for three days, and decided to go to Fargo to file on this land. We got our papers and felt proud. We had each a quarter section of land in our possession. I got the S.E. 1/4 Sec. 14, Twp. 144 Range 59, Greenfield township, Griggs Co, N. Dak. and the place I have occupied ever since. John J. got the S.W. 1/4 in Sec. 14, the same township. This was done unseen as we had not been up that far to see the land. We were well satisfied.

The next thing was to get hold of a pair of oxen and a wagon. By chance I heard of a man who had a yoke of oxen and a wagon for sale. I got in touch with him and purchased the outfit. As we didn't have no more work, we decided to drive westward. We did and came to the house of Halsten Anderson Fyllingslid which was standing unoccupied where we settled down temporarily. Of course, my brother, John J., was part owner of the team. I had one cow and he had two cows and two calves. The calf from my cow died. Before we left Hendrum I asked a friend of mine if he could sell me a calf. He said he couldn't, but had just butchered a nice fat beef the day before, and offered us some if we could carry it home with us. He gave me a hind quarter which I carried with me home and was very tickled to get it.

We stayed at this place of Halsten's til spring, and on the 31st. of May, 1883 we started on our journey to Griggs County. We came by the home of Knut Leraas. His two boys Nels and Johannes followed us. The first day we travelled a little way on the west side of Blanchard, a small town, where we camped over night, for grazing was good there for



the oxen. The next morning we had our own cooked breakfast and started again on our journey, reaching on the west side of Hope where we camped that night. The weather was mild and everything went fine. When morning we again started again and arrived on the west side of Sheyenne River, where we camped the third night. Einar Stromme who also was in company with us, informed us we now were in Griggs County. He had been there the previous summer and was little acquainted. The next morning we started out again, and came to Knut Stromme by dinner time. They had settled there the previous summer and had built a sod house. Ole Stromme and Johannes Stromme had also done the same. We stayed there and rested a short time and had dinner. We had just one mile south to the land I had filed on unseen and which now was mine. The next thing was to get settled down and get a home established on the barren prairies. When dinner over, we went to look over our land. It didn't look very promising, as a great amount of water was covering the land, and when we got on top of a hill, I said, "There is where I will build my home." Then we went over to look over John J's land and he decided to build his house on a still higher hill. There was a great amount of wild birds at that time consisting of geese, ducks, and sea gulls. We could imagine we were back in Norway.

The next day I started digging a cellar for my house. It was not very large, as the size of the sod house I planned was 14 by 14 ft. John and Einar Stromme went to Valley City, a distance of thirty-five miles south as we had some of our belongings there at the depot which we had been sent by railroad from Fargo. These they were to get and to purchase a breaking plow, so we could start to break up some of our land. It did not look very promising to build a house as I had only \$10 left after I had paid for the freight and bought the plow. My brother and I bought the plow together. We then broke up some sod and built our first house which went pretty good with the side walls; but we had to go to the



Sheyenne river for bark and poles for the roof. We covered it with dirt on top of that again. When completed, it was a warm, cozy hut. I got my house finished before John, so we all moved into it. I then did some breaking and shortly after John and I decided to look around for a job in harvest. Mrs. John Haugen stayed with my wife and took care of the one cow and calf I had, and the two cows and two calves of John's. There was plenty of grass and water here and we kept them tied by ropes.

On a Saturday morning, we started south toward Valley City to get work. We were five of us, John J., Ole O. Kaastad, Ole Stromme, a man from north of Cooperstown, who had a brother working eight miles north of Valley City and I. About eight miles north from our place, we met John Stromme coming from Valley City. He camped for dinner and gave us some dinner also. We did not have any money, so John Stromme loaned John and Ole Kaastad and I a dollar each to buy food for in case we did not get work right away. After dinner we started walking again and by evening we came to a sod house, sod stable, and a hay stack. Taking hay from the stack we made our bed and stayed there over night. The next morning we started walking again and came to the place where our partner's brother worked. They had started harvest, and there our partner and Ole Stromme got to work for this farmer. He was good to us and gave us food. The rest of us started walking again. There were several farmers on both sides of the road, but none needed any help; not even on the large Kindred farm. We walked westward and towards evening came to a place where they were eating supper. I asked if they would sell us a loaf of bread. They refused and told us to go to the next place, and there was the same story. Then we walked a way further north and came to a Norwegian family where we bought some food. In the morning, we started walking west again and by noon came to a German farmer. He could not give us work but he would give us dinner, and of course we



were glad for that. We started walking toward home again, got something to eat, and started walking toward Cooperstown. We slept in a hay stack on the Cooper farm over night, and when the men came in the morning to feed the mules, we had to get up and walk around until breakfast time. Mr. Cooper also had breakfast together with his men. He invited us in and said if it hadn't rained we could have gotten work threshing. When we came out after breakfast, the timekeeper for the railroad which was under construction, had come to ask Cooper if he had any men to spare; he said he had three, pointing to us, and glad were we to get a job.

We drove back to town with him and started work on the railroad at \$2 per day, ten hours a day. We had to pay four dollars a week for board, but we made better there than those working for Cooper, threshing. As rain didn't interfere with our work, this was the easiest work I ever had. The boss was Irish and a very nice fellow. This was getting rather late in the fall, so I went home and stayed for a week fixing up a little for the winter, and then went back on the railroad a little longer, and then home again to go to the woods to get wood for the winter. We had to dig up the roots as those living there took the tops of the trees for themselves. We paid one dollar for each load of wood.

We made good while working on the railroad, even though we walked many a mile to get the job. Then brother John, David, and I bought two acres of wood land by the Sheyenne river, and from that we hauled our own wood for many years. Later, I bought two acres from another farmer there and that kept us with wood many years. Since the G. N. railroad came through in 1912, which at that time crossed one of my quarters, we have been fortunate in getting discarded ties when they replace with new ones, and that has been a great help. In the spring of 1884, I worked at home and sowed in what I broke, six acres for wheat and two acres into oats. I also was over to my brother John and sowed his crop, seven acres to wheat and two acres to oats. John was



working on the Cooper farm at the time. As we had only one team of oxen, it was not necessary for both of us to stay home for the seeding. When harvest came I hired Nels Hemmingson to do the harvest. From my six acres of wheat, I got ninety-one bushels. When I was through with the spring work however, John came home and did some breaking for us and I went to Cooperstown and got work. They were going to build a large house there of brick. They called it the Courthouse and I got the job of mixing mortar. One day the boss asked me to carry bricks up the ladder to the brick layers on the second story. I consented, carrying fifteen bricks in a wooden box on one shoulder up a straight ladder. I kept this up until the house was finished. I got \$2 per day and paid \$4 a week for board and room. I thought I made pretty good at that.

I then went back home and got busy digging rocks on my land in order to make a nice field out of it. Thus I managed to break it up, and I tried to make the best of it from year to year. On the 25th of November, 1883 our first son John H. Haugen was born, and bapitized on the 6th of January, 1884 by Rev. J. L. Lundebby, who at that time was a traveling missionary. We did not as yet have any church organized. He had his home at Valley City and covered a large territory, which also included our neighborhood, preaching the gospel which was a great benefit to us in the future years. During the winter months, we met for services at the various farms. In the summer we used the school house. In the fall of 1884 we called a meeting to organize a congregation. This meeting was held at Knut Stromme. We were three men at the meeting and a congregation was organized and it's name was Hvidland. For pastor we sent a call letter to O. K. Quamme on the suggestion of Rev. Lundebby. Rev. Quamme finished the Semminary during the winter and in the summer he accepted the call and took charge of same. This charge composed of our own (Hvidland), Lund, Ness, Rinsaker, and Ostervold. This charge he



served for about seventten years. Then we decided to build a church. This was done in 1894, which I, together with my neighbors helped to build. On the fourth of May, 1884 our second son Helmer A. was born, but passed away at the age of two and one-half years. On April 19, 1887 our third son, Mikel, was born. On the 30th of October, the fourth son was born, Helmer A. February 15, 1893 our fifth son Bennie H. was born. This comprises our family, and we have been fortunate in having them all in our midst. Three of them are farming and Helmer with his family, is at present residing at Aneta, N. Dak., employed on the railroad. From the time I started farming, I used oxen until 1891; I then bought my first team of horses from Karl Skare for \$325 and \$50 for a set of harness. In the fall of the same year, I bought a mare from the same person for \$125 and one mare from John Lilja for \$125. I was fortunate in getting a good crop. That fall I had 98 acres of wheat and got 3000 bushels of good quality. All of section 13 was laying idle and the owner, Mr. Langdon, told me if I wanted to break up any of it, I could do so by getting the first crop for the work, but after that he was to have one-fourth of the crop. I rented two quarters and bought the S.W.1/4 of Sec. 13 for \$10 per acre paying for it with half of the crop every year. I also rented the N.W.1/4 of Sec. 15 for a few years on the same condition, giving a share of the crop. The result of it was that I bought it and got it paid for. When my oldest son, John H. married, he made his home on this quarter a few years. I then bought a half section of school land in section 36. This land I purchased in the fall of the year.

During the winter, I hauled some lumber on the place to build a Barn, as I was going to do some breaking there. In the spring I dug a well etc. John helped me with the breaking, for I told him he could get the first crop for the breaking; so one day he said to me that here would make a nice farm when it got worked up. I told him if he wished to go into debt



he could buy it for the same I was to pay for it, and the deal was made. He is at present farming that same land and has a nice farm with good buildings. In the year 1893 I built my first house of lumber with a basement 12' by 20', main building 16' by 24' and a lean 10' by 24'. This house was occupied until 1908 when I rebuilt the same and added some of it, making it considerably larger. This rebuilding cost at that time in the neighborhood of \$2000. In the year 1890, we got to talking about getting a threshing machine as most of we neighbors had three quarters of land, and thinking if the crop came through, it would be a large thresh bill to pay; so four of us decided to partnership on a threshing outfit, David Kalland, Ole O. Kaastad, John H. Haugen, and myself, but when the time came for the deal to be closed, the two former backed out, and John J. and I bought the rig. It was a J. I. Case, 20 h.p. engine, and 40 in. cylinder separator. We hired a man from Indiana to run the engine and Gilbert Hanson from Cooperstown the separator. We did considerable threshing that fall. We had the rig on three days trial, and were satisfied with and decided to keep it. We were to pay \$2800 for it; the first year we paid down \$1300. We had three years to pay it on. After we finished threshing in the fall, we built a shed for it on my place. The second year we had an engineer from Cooperstown, Nels Aterholdt, and Knut Hamre from Cooperstown, ran the separator. That year was not very good; we threshed for twenty-three farmers and put in forty-seven days and cleared, above expenses. only \$211. This machine was of the old type with straw carrier instead of blower. The fourth year my brother, John J., sold his share to the agent of the company who was also a shareholder in the rig (which I failed to mention before). The agent and I threshed the next fall. I then bought his share and was alone about it. Julius Brekke, a long time resident of Hannaford, was my favorite engineer until John became



sufficiently qualified to handle the engine, and Knut Hamre, still a resident of Cooperstown, ran the separator for me until I felt qualified to do that myself. I liked the kind of work very much. I might relate that one fall I threshed for Edward Stai a whole week and got paid \$775 thresh bill. I have not had any responsibility with threshing, the later years, as my son, John, has a rig of his own and he does the threshing.

In the pioneer days, it became a custom in our neighborhood that we all should curb our wells with common rock, and that seemed to be my job. I have curbed many a well in the community, and several for myself, a hazardous and dangerous task; and down through the ages, I have struggled, not regretting what I have undertaken to do, sometimes a failure and sometimes a success.

In 1908 John H. and Mrs. and their two oldest children, Sophia and Hans, my wife and I, made a trip to Norway to visit our native land and relations. We left here in November and returned in February. This trip was enjoyed very much in spite of the fact that the people in Norway hardly believed what we told them. We got along O. K. anyway; and now I am getting so old that I don't think I'll ever see Norway again.

I recall one fall, I, together with some of the neighbors were over and helped Olaf Kalvik build a barn. We were on the roof shingling; I lost my balance and slid down the roof falling to the frozen ground. The others thought I was just about killed if not entirely killed.

I got out of it with a badly bruised arm, which took considerable time to heal up. Nevertheless, I got out of it pretty good. I have had five operations during my life and came out in fine shape, even though at times it looked, you might say, hopeless. The past twenty years or so I have just farmed the homestead and got along as well as could be expected through this period of depression. Both my wife and I are getting well along in years, and I think the younger generation will have to take our place in the near future.



Biography of Jared Clark Hazard  
Hilda Mogaard

Jared C. Hazard was born at Willet, Courtland County, New York, January 13, 1836.

When he was five years old the family moved to a farm forty miles west of Kingston, Upper Canada. Later Hazards moved to Salmon River, Canada where the father operated a sawmill.

In 1846 Hazards travelled by boat to Milton Junction, Rock County, Wisconsin. Mr. Hazard's father purchased a farm at Hampton, Columbia County. Here Mr. Hazard grew to manhood.

He married Emily Augusta MacDonald November 3, 1858. They had eight children of which all but two are living.

In 1887 Hazard came to Cooperstown. He arrived by train; Cooperstown at that time being the end of the route. His farm was built three miles west of Cooperstown at the present Lucius Hazard home.

Mrs. Hazard died January 24, 1891. Five years later he moved to Cooperstown and bought the home where he still resides.

He married Cora St. John at Columbia, Wisconsin in 1895.

Although Mr. Hazard is almost a century old he still enjoys good health and works in his garden.

When Mr. Hazard first came here there were only two elevators, round shaped and white. One was owned by R. C. Cooper for whom this town was named.

He stated that several bachelors boarded and roomed at the Palace Hotel. These men evidently thought it was too far to walk to the Congregational Church, so the Methodist Church was built near them.

Mr. Hazard said he would like to see more hotels here and not so many garages.